

.. THE ...

Converted Catholic

EDITED BY FATHER O'CONNOR.

"When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."--Luke xxii: 32.

Vol. XV.

AUGUST, 1898.

No. 8

THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Specially designed for the enlightenment of
Roman Catholics and their conversion
to Evangelical Christianity.

JAMES A. O'CONNOR, PUBLISHER,
142 West 21st St., New York.

Subscription, per Year.....\$1.00
Single Copies, 10 Cents.
Sample copies sent on application.

Entered at the Post Office, New York, as second-
class matter.

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

Portrait of Captain Philip.....	225
EDITORIAL NOTES—Gibbons in Mourning— Blessings of the War—Catholic Sympathy for Spain—Irish Catholics Rebuked.....	227
Christ's Mission Work	229
Reduction of the Mission Debt.....	229
Dr. Miel's Conversion.....	230
God's Hand in the War with Spain—The Battle—The Hand of God—The Guidance of God—God's Protecting Care—Gratitude to God—Love for Enemies—God and Our Country.....	234
The Faith of Captain Philip.....	238
The Pope's Blessing.....	240
Reading the Bible	241
Rome and Spain Always the Same.....	243
The Source of True Liberalism, or the Won- ders of Electing Love in the Composition of the Lamb's Bride.....	244
Strong as Death—A Story of the Huguenots	251
Bismarck's Confession of Faith.....	256
Mr. Gladstone on Romanism.....	256

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE read in the Word of God:
Happy is he whose hope is
in the Lord his God:

Who made heaven, and earth, and
the sea, and all that therein is: who
keepeth truth forever: who executeth
judgment for the oppressed: who giveth
food to the hungry. The Lord looseth
the prisoners.

The Lord openeth the eyes of the
blind: the Lord raiseth them that are
bowed down: the Lord loveth the
righteous.

He relieveth the fatherless and widow;
but the way of the wicked He turneth
upside down. (Psalm 146.)

After three months' war with this
country Spain sues for peace, surrend-
ering Cuba, Porto Rico, and the most
important of the Philippine Islands.
The world has never seen anything like
this war. Even those who have ignor-
ed God in His supreme rule of the uni-
verse acknowledge that some "invisible
power" has directed our Republic in the
conduct of the war and the miraculous
victories achieved by sea and land.

Spain has been turned upside down,
and this land of the open Bible and of
freedom of conscience to worship God
in spirit and in truth has been blessed.

Gibbons in Mourning.

Cardinal Gibbons, in common with all the other Roman prelates and Jesuits in the United States, is in sackcloth and ashes mourning over the defeat and ruin of Spain by our Protestant Nation. Not less does he and his followers lament the friendly feeling between us and England, the other great Protestant nation of the world, that has been the outcome of this war. Hence we do not write him a "Letter" this month, lest we should seem to gloat over his misery.

Blessings of the War.

Apart from the acquisition of territory this war with Spain has been worth all it has cost. The North and South are united as never before, the quarrel over gold and silver that waged so fiercely during the last presidential election and that threatened to disturb the country again, has been settled, the Government loan of \$200,000,000 has been subscribed eight times over by the American people, and England and America have been drawn together in the closest bonds of friendship.

What this last blessing signifies was foretold by the late Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff, the great Church historian, in an address delivered in Exeter Hall, London, in 1869, when he expressed "the hope that Macauley's New Zealander might not sketch the ruins of St. Paul's from a broken arch of London Bridge until England and America, shoulder to shoulder, had finished their great mission of giving the Bible, and, with it, civilization and true liberty, to the nations of the earth, and thus brought on the time when Christ shall be all in all."

Catholic Sympathy for Spain.

It has been repeatedly demonstrated that the sympathy of the Roman Catholics in all countries has been with Spain

in this war. From the Pope down every ecclesiastic has been praying for the success of Spain. One could easily understand this sympathy and, when possible, active support on the part of the French and Austrians, who are so closely allied with Spain in other relations beside that of religion. The Queen-Regent of Spain is a near relative of the Emperor of Austria, and hundreds of millions of dollars of the Spanish debt are held by Frenchmen. In the early stages of the war bitter hostility to the United States characterized the press of all Roman Catholic countries. Since our sudden and complete victories by sea and land there has been a marked change in this respect.

Irish Catholics Rebuked.

It will startle Americans who have been the friends of Ireland to learn that their kindness has not been appreciated by the Irish Catholics. While the Frenchmen and Austrians might justify themselves for reviling Americans who were at war with Spain, many persons thought that Ireland could have no grievance against this country. But they forget that the religion of Spain is the same as that of the Irish Catholics, and superstition and error bind ignorant peoples together as closely as righteousness and truth unite intelligent persons. The New York *Tribune*, which has always been Ireland's friend, in an editorial note in its issue of July 31, 1898, says:

The Nation, of Dublin, Ireland, emits a sneer at the American Army as "largely made up of negroes," and at the American Navy as "mustering a fair sprinkling of Chinese." Apart from the untruthfulness of the impression intended to be conveyed by such an utterance, it is particularly unbecoming in an Irish Nationalist journal to speak slightly of this country's hospitality to aliens. If it had not been for such hospitality, where would some millions of *The Nation's* friends have been?

CHRIST'S MISSION WORK.

Last month an English Roman Catholic priest, a member of the Dominican Order, came to Christ's Mission, and upon his arrival we invited him to attend the Conference for Bible Study at Northfield. As this issue of the magazine goes to press he is enjoying the happiness of listening to Mr. Moody and other teachers of the Word of God in that quiet New England village which has become famous throughout the Christian world. It was at Northfield, in 1881, that we first learned of the fullness of the love of God in Jesus Christ, and whatever has been accomplished in this special work of the Lord during those years has been due to the inspiration derived from the Northfield meetings. The Holy Spirit has also used those conferences for the benefit of other priests whom we have taken there in successive years.

This Dominican priest is a young man with a remarkable history, which he will relate himself in due time. He wrote to us last May, and we invited him to come to Christ's Mission for a period of rest for his troubled soul and for the study of the Word of God, from which he would derive a new life.

The Rev. James T. McGovern, the member of the Paulist Society, or "congregation," as the Paulist Fathers call themselves, who was converted at Christ's Mission, and whose address at the Mission service was published in the July CONVERTED CATHOLIC, has gone to Mexico as a missionary in connection with the Baptist Home Mission Society. He sailed from New York on June 30, and on July 25 we received a letter from him in which he announced that he had already entered upon his work with a heart full of gratitude to God for opening a door of usefulness to him in such a needy field.

"I owe everything to Christ's Mission," he said. Mr. McGovern had been received into the membership of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, this city, of which the Rev. Dr. W. H. P. Faunce is pastor, and it was through the kindness of Dr. Faunce that he passed a season of study at Crozer Seminary and was accepted for mission work by the Baptist Home Mission Society.

A young man who was converted at Christ's Mission last year, Florence Price, and who entered Mr. Moody's school at Mount Hermon, Mass., last September, said in a letter received last month that he also owed everything to Christ's Mission. This summer he is selling the books of the "Colportage Library" that Mr. Moody is issuing for circulation in all parts of the country. We are glad to say that he is giving great satisfaction at Mount Hermon school. His younger brother, Harry, is also at the school and is doing well. Both boys are orphans.

REDUCTION OF THE MISSION DEBT.

With the contributions received last month for the payment of the debt on Christ's Mission it is now reduced to \$4,400. This is most gratifying. All who are interested in the work of the Mission will rejoice that not only are minds enlightened and souls saved in the efforts put forth, but that the debt on the building is disappearing fast. It is earnestly hoped that the announcement can be made next month that it has been reduced to \$4,000. If twenty friends would send twenty dollars each, this further reduction could be made. But all contributions will be welcome. The good friends who have sustained this work have done so voluntarily, and their labor has not been in vain in the Lord. We are all co-workers with Him.

DR. MIEL'S CONVERSION.

FOR many years the Rev. Dr. Miel, a converted Catholic priest, has been the rector of the French Protestant Episcopal Church of St. Sauveur in Philadelphia. In a previous volume of *THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC* a brief account of his conversion appeared, with a letter from Charles Hastings Collette, Esq., of London, England, the learned writer and controversialist, who had been of service to Dr. Miel when he left the Roman Church. From the *Philadelphia Church Standard* of July 23, 1898, we learn further about Dr. Miel's conversion in the following article:

A good many readers of the *Church Standard* are familiar with the name and work of the Rev. Dr. Miel, rector of the Church of St. Sauveur, in the city of Philadelphia, but only a few of them can know the wonderfully interesting and suggestive story of his life. To these and to others the announcement will be made welcome that this story has been written, and will soon be published in full, and that extracts therefrom have already been printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* for July. The title of the article so printed is, "A Soul's Pilgrimage: Extracts from an Autobiography." The story is simply told in most exquisite English, and with a spiritual elevation which leaves one longing for the rest of the tale. It is believed that a *resume* of this article, with one or two thoughts suggested by it, cannot fail to be of interest. This is the way in which it begins:

"After a youth spent in study under the *cure* of my native village of Vars, and in the college at Gray, near Dijon, I went up in my twenty-fifth year to continue my studies in Paris.

"On arriving there—March, 1843—I immediately put myself under the direction of the most celebrated, and certainly the most gifted of a Jesuit I have

ever met, Pere de Ravignan, the Lenten preacher of Notre Dame, and the contemporary of Lacordaire, who at that time preached the Advent course in the same cathedral. It was my earnest desire to prepare myself in the best possible way to fill as worthily as I could the sacred duties of the ministry. Having made sure of a means of living by setting aside two or three hours each day to teaching, I devoted the rest of my time to personal culture. Seldom has a young man had finer opportunities for intellectual growth than I had at this time. For France the last years of Louis Philippe were perhaps the most brilliant of the century. In every department of learning and letters talent was represented by illustrious men—in poetry, Victor Hugo and Lamartine; in Parliament, Berryer and Montalembert; in the government, Guizot and Thiers; at the Sorbonne, Cousin, Jules Simon, Lenormant, Ozanam and Cœur; at the College de France, Michelet and Quinet; in the pulpit, Lacordaire and de Ravignan.

"I was anxious to learn something from each of these remarkable men. My Sundays were spent in listening to famous preachers. During the rest of the week I distributed my time between the Sorbonne, the Chamber of Deputies and the Chamber of Peers. Presently, to my great delight, I found myself in relation with such men as Berryer and Montalembert, Jules Simon and Ozanam, Lacordaire and de Ravignan. The last, as my spiritual director, proved a warm friend as well as a wise and trustworthy guide. I retain a sweet remembrance of many intimate conversations with him. His was not only a holy but a liberal spirit. I was not surprised, later, when I heard it said that he thought of reasserting his independence by asking the general of the Jesuits to release him from his vows.

"A trait which exhibited the nobility

of his feelings and the largeness of his views appeared in one of our conversations. One day, troubled with doubts, I opened my heart to him, and, encouraged by his evident sympathy, ventured to ask the question, 'Is there not, my father, some way of recognizing what is true from what is false in religious doctrine by which one may avoid the necessity of constant reference to authorities, so many of which simply confuse the mind by their conflicting statements?'

" 'There is a way,' he replied, 'which in the case of such doubt I myself follow, and which I recommend to you. Every doctrine which tends to elevate the mind and enlarge the heart is true, and every doctrine which works the contrary effect is false. Follow this principle and you will feel and be the better for it. I have done so, and am satisfied.' "

* * *

The following is here given as a sample of the descriptive sketches in this story:

" It may be proper to speak a word about the power of the pulpit in Paris at this time. Perhaps the two most eminent preachers that France has produced are Bossuet and Lacordaire. Both were the pride of Dijon, their native city. The superiority of Bossuet appeared in what he said, that of Lacordaire in the way in which he said it. The latter's eloquence corresponds precisely to the word attributed to Demosthenes, and repeated by Massillon. When asked what were the essential elements of oratory, the illustrious Greek is said to have replied: First, action; second, action; third, action.

" I recall an occasion when this principle in the preaching of Lacordaire was illustrated. One Sunday Abbe Castan, nephew of Archbishop Affre, and I found ourselves almost lost in the immense crowd pouring into Notre Dame to hear the great preacher. The

subject he was to treat was the struggle between good and evil, the conflict between the powers of the world and the Church of God. He opened with a paraphrase of the first verses of the second Psalm: '*Quare fremuerunt gentes?*' Presently, as the idea began to unfold itself to his marvellous imagination, his thought rose to such a height that my friend whispered to me, 'He cannot continue in that strain!' It was true. Human language failed him. Yet, standing there, his face illumed with the great thought, his body swaying under the inspiration of the mighty truth which his tongue refused to utter, he continued his gestures with such descriptive force that, under the action of that mute eloquence, the assembly seemed to shudder. It was only a few seconds, perhaps, though it seemed to me many minutes. Then the preacher slowly drew back his arm and solemnly laid his hand over his heart. After a moment of absolute stillness the entire audience gave vent to its feelings in a spontaneous outburst of applause.

" On the following Sunday we were again in our places, and before the address the Archbishop of Paris felt compelled to request the congregation to remember the sacred character of the place, and to refrain from any outward expression of approval. But such was the eloquence of Lacordaire in pursuing the same theme that ere long the Archbishop himself was betrayed into an unconscious clapping of hands, which was enough to lift an irksome restraint from an audience hardly able to suppress its feelings."

* * *

At this period the secession of John Henry Newman and others from the Church of England led many Roman Catholics to think that England was ripe for the papacy. Miel was one of these, and so he turned his steps towards our mother country. In London

he found men carrying about the Pope in effigy, and subjecting the holy father to all manner of insult. Of course he was greatly stirred thereby, and so was led to put forth two tractates, entitled, "Rome and the Holy Scriptures," and "Rome and the Primitive Church." Approval came from the Roman Catholic press, and criticism from some Protestant newspapers. The sincerity of the tracts was so evident that an Oxford scholar wrote to their author, seeking an interview and telling him that the statements upon which his arguments were founded were either fabrications or else falsely stated. The interview was declined, but through persistency the rugged Englishman and the enthusiastic Frenchman finally came together. Miel loved the truth, and sought it. Documents in the library of the British Museum were carefully studied, and, to his mind, a "*suppresso veri*" was clearly proven against the Church of his choice and affections.

Doubts came and sadness. No time was lost in finding Cardinal Wiseman for helpful explanation. But nothing of this kind came, only the barren advice, "not to attach too much importance to the matter." After a long struggle the conclusion was reached to have nothing more to do with Protestants, to avoid all matters of controversy, and to find relief in abounding zeal, with a result, however, which is thus expressed: "The more I studied and reflected, the more my faith in the fundamental doctrines of Romanism weakened, and I felt that before long not only my opinions, but also my conscience would impose upon me the duty of abjuration. As such a step could not but bring me personally the gravest consequences, deeply afflict my best friends, and, worst of all, carry desolation into the bosom of my family, I felt bound to make a last effort by going to Rome and studying the system on the

spot in its immediate application.

* * *

Here are some words in connection with Miel's experience in the Eternal City. We should like to quote all that he says, but space forbids:

"As soon as I was settled in fairly comfortable lodgings I proceeded to make myself familiar with the city. The churches first absorbed my attention. What shall I say of their dignity and splendor, their wealth and magnificence? What shall I say of the vast numbers of monks and priests who throng these stately buildings and testify to the power and prestige of this great Church, and lend an air of sanctity to its ancient seat? Certainly here the religion of Jesus should be at its best. Here we should find the purest morality and the deepest spiritual life. Here charity and good works, the distinctive marks of the disciples of Christ, should abound without measure. Rome should lead the world in all that is noble and holy and gracious in religion.

"The pain of a bitter disenchantment was in store for me. I had been in the city but a few hours when a revolting sense of the unreality of its religious life took possession of me. Every day seemed to deepen that unwelcome impression. I found myself going from place to place in increasing amazement at the squalor and ignorance and vice visible and openly present at each new turn. Instead of righteousness and piety and a sweet reverence among the people there were iniquity and uncleanness and degrading superstition. Education and self-respect—those choice fruits of Christianity—where had they concealed themselves? On the one hand the luxury of the prelates, on the other the profound misery of the people; on this side churches of surpassing stateliness, on that homes of the poor, unspeakable in their filthiness; here a cleric in gorgeous attire, there a beggar

in hideous and noisome rags. How could I escape the shameful meaning of such a contrast! One would indeed have had to be a slave to prejudice to overlook this disgusting travesty of the religion of Him who came to preach the Gospel to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to set at liberty those who are bruised."

* * *

After a time the conclusion was reached to follow the directions of conscience, cost what it might. Suspicions, however, were aroused, and a change of residence became desirable. The sign, "Rooms To Let," led him past a door-plate bearing the inscription, "Rev. Charles Bair, Chaplain of the American Legation." A knock at the door was followed by his first conversation with a Protestant minister; and ere long that was followed by an attack from two strangers on the street, one covering his mouth to prevent an outcry, and the other rifling his pockets. Naturally enough he supposed that robbery was the purpose of this attack, but his purse was safe, and only his "precious papers" had been taken. Becoming convinced, after a time, of the seriousness of this affair, he sought the office of the French Ambassador. "Happily," so continues the narrative, "he knew me, being, as I was, a member of *Le Cercle Catholique*. He seemed glad to see me, but when I told him what had just happened his countenance became grave. 'Allow me to ask you a question,' he said. 'How did you stand from a religious point of view?' I thought it right to tell him frankly the reason for my presence in Rome. 'That truly grieves me,' he replied. 'You know I am a Catholic. Nevertheless, in the present case I must act as an ambassador of France. I know you to be a reputable citizen. I shall give you a passport on this condition: you must leave Rome in twenty-four hours. For

that time I take you under my protection; but if you remain longer I will not be responsible for the outcome.' He then told me the experience of the Abbe Laborde, who had been sent to Rome by the Archbishop of Paris to protest against the proclamation of the new dogma of the Immaculate Conception. Upon his arrival he was speedily taken in hand and shut up in the Castle of St. Angelo. He was liberated only after severe threats on the part of the French government."

* * *

Departure from Rome had thus become a necessity. This was followed by eighteen months residence in London and Dublin, lecturing on French literature, and engaging, as opportunity presented, in work of a religious character, and that by a resolution, in order to find a place of free movement, to go to the United States. Here his welcome was hearty from some of the great Boston leaders of that day. Among them are mentioned Longfellow, Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, Lothrop Motley, Robert C. Winthrop, Rufus Choate and Edward Everett. Longfellow invited him to become an assistant professor of the French language and literature at Harvard University. Friendly relations followed not only with men with whom he was already acquainted, but with Ralph Waldo Emerson, James Freeman Clarke and Thomas Starr King. Through the influence of the gifted lecturer and orator last mentioned he was afterwards led to go to San Francisco, there to establish a school on the plan of that of Agassiz in Cambridge. Hardly had he reached his destination when "the best of friends, the most ardent of patriots, the most generous of philanthropists, the good, the noble Starr King," was taken away from earth. With this death, the story, as thus far given, is closed.

W. B. B.

GOD'S HAND IN THE WAR WITH SPAIN.

SERMON PREACHED BY CHAPLAIN ROSWELL RANDALL HOES, U. S. N., ON BOARD
THE U. S. BATTLESHIP IOWA, IN GUANTANOMO BAY, CUBA, JULY 10,
THE SABBATH FOLLOWING THE NAVAL BATTLE OF SANTIAGO.

O, sing unto the Lord a new song; for He hath done marvellous things: His right hand and His holy arm hath gotten Him the victory.—Psm. 98, 1.

THE article for the "Government of the United States Navy" is as follows: "The commanders of vessels and naval stations to which chaplains are attached shall cause divine service to be performed on Sunday, whenever the weather and other circumstances allow it to be done; and it is earnestly recommended to all officers, seamen and others in the naval service diligently to attend at every performance of the worship of Almighty God."

THE BATTLE.

Last Sunday, July 3, no divine service was held on the battleship. The weather was favorable, but "other circumstances" forbade. Our usual hour for worshipping God found us engaged in one of the most remarkable and effective naval engagements recorded in the annals of our country. The voice of prayer and the singing of praise gave place to the roar of our deadly guns and the various other activities attending a bloody conflict. However long we may live, we shall never forget the events of that day! The sudden call to general quarters; the cries passing with lightning rapidity from mouth to mouth that the Spanish ships were leaving the harbor; the orderly rallying of officers and men at their respective stations; the rattle of the chains hoisting our ammunition; the roar of our guns from the turrets and secondary batteries; the whistling of the enemy's shot flying over our deck; the crashing of our shells through and upon the ships of our foe; the sinking of the Spanish torpedo boats,

the beaching and burning of their war vessels; the lowering of their flags in token of surrender; the rescue by our men of the Viscaya's officers and crew; their arrival on this ship—many of them naked and the blood streaming from their ghastly wounds and gory stumps—the surrender of his sword by Captain Eulate of the Viscaya to Captain Evans, and his declining to receive it—all these and many other thrilling incidents have stamped an indelible picture upon our minds which memory will ever retain.

THE HAND OF GOD.

But, comrades, there is something else which, as officers and men in the naval service of a Christian land, we should never forget, and that is that it was the "right hand" and the "holy arm" of Almighty God that gave us this marvellous victory. The whole history of the world, with all of its vicissitudes, whether in war or in peace, is but the unfolding of God's plans for the government of the universe. Events do not come to pass through blind chance or accident. There is an intelligent purpose that marks all the events of history and guides the destinies of the human race. "Man proposes, but God disposes," and "He doeth according to His will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay His hand." It may not always be possible for us to comprehend why certain events or circle of events transpire, but if we believe in the existence of God, as all sane men must, it is not difficult to understand the divine intelligence and will underlying divine government. And so it is that the

years and decades and centuries roll on, giving continuous expression to God's designs for the welfare of the human race. And while all this is true, it is also true that in the accomplishment of His wise purposes God employs human instrumentalities. We are often but the means used for the accomplishment of divine ends. The Almighty can work *without* us, but in the exercise of His superior wisdom He frequently prefers to work *through* us. And this applies not only to individuals; it is equally true of the nations of the earth; which, through His direct power, accomplish His sovereign will. They may be guided by Him to reward the right and punish the wrong—to carry to others the blessings of peace, or to wield against them the engines of war.

THE GUIDANCE OF GOD.

In the light of these facts it is not difficult to trace God's hand in the war in which we are now engaged. We may not understand all of His purposes in allowing such a conflict as this to be waged between Christian nations in these closing years of the nineteenth century, but it would seem that He has permitted us to recognize *some* of those purposes. For one, I firmly believe that God intended the great Republic of the West to be His instrument to punish the Spanish nation for the crimes committed in her name on the soil of the Western world. Spain once practically owned and controlled most of this continent and its adjacent islands. Through governmental mismanagement and official oppression and cruelty, extending through more than four centuries, she has steadily been losing her grasp. For prudential and other reasons she yielded Florida and her vast possessions West of the Mississippi River, and through the revolt of her subjects she lost her sovereignty in South America and Mexico. Nothing now remains to her

in this part of the world but the islands of Cuba and Porto Rico, and it is my belief that the demand of our people will be enforced, that the Spanish flag shall no longer be permitted to wave over a single foot of American soil. This is no war of aggression nor for the acquisition of territory. It is a conflict conceived and prosecuted in behalf of suffering humanity, and a just and self-respecting rebuke to a nation whose hostile attitude made possible the treacherous destruction of the "Maine." The American people declined to tolerate another Armenia within less than a hundred miles of our own shores. Human butchery, enforced starvation and, in many instances, agonizing physical torture—these are the things against which every instinct of humanity in our country cried aloud in violent protest. Our countrymen could not be true to themselves by turning a deaf ear to cries that reached us from the very portals of the grave. Our honored Chief Magistrate employed all the available means that diplomacy offered to accomplish the will of our people through peaceful channels. No President was ever more faithful to his trust than was ours during those trying days. No statesman ever struggled for honorable peace more valiantly than he. He realized the awful responsibilities and terrible sufferings which would attend an appeal to arms, and, without shrinking or hesitation, he adopted every means consistent with our national honor to avert it. Our demands upon Spain were, as we believe, just in the sight of God, and such as commended themselves to the moral sentiment of all unprejudiced minds of whatever name or nationality. But Spain would not yield, and we *could* not. There was nothing left to do, and we were plunged into the stern realities of war. The Navy was ready for the conflict. Our guns were prepared to bel- low and our gunners were impatient for

the fray. Dewey soon sent us his compliments from Manila, and now Sampson has responded.

With all reverence we conscientiously believe that the voice of our guns was the voice of God, and that the awful message uttered was in condemnation of Spanish oppression and cruelty, and a punishment for crimes that have left many indelible stains on the pages of history. Comrades, the Lord of Hosts hath done it. He directed the counsels of our well-loved Admiral; He spoke through the commands of our gallant captain from the conning-tower, and He guided the hands that manned our guns. "The Lord hath appeared for us: the Lord hath covered our heads, and made us to stand in the day of battle. The Lord hath appeared for us: the Lord hath overthrown our enemies and dashed in pieces those that rose up against us. Therefore not unto us, O Lord, not unto us: but unto Thy name be given the glory." "O, sing unto the Lord a new song; for He hath done marvelous things: His right hand and His holy arm hath gotten Him the victory."

GOD'S PROTECTING CARE.

But, comrades, amid our rejoicings for victory and our aspirations of praise to Almighty God for giving it to us, we should not fail to render Him our profound gratitude for the preservation of our lives and our escape from all physical injury. The Spanish ships, we are told by our prisoners, were ordered to concentrate their fire upon the Iowa, and the escape of every one of our officers and men from either death or injury seems, to human eyes, nothing less than miraculous. It is officially estimated that the enemy's loss in killed and wounded could not have been less than six hundred, while in our whole squadron poor Ellis of the Brooklyn was the only man killed, and only two were wounded. This disparity of loss stands

unique in the naval battles of the world. Even when we take into full account, on the one hand, the terrible rapidity of our fire and our unerring marksmanship, which early in the action drove the Spaniards from their guns, and the evident lack of discipline and efficiency on the Spanish ships and their wretched marksmanship on the other, we are still unable to explain, from any human point of view, the fact that not a single man on our ship was either killed or wounded. It certainly was not because we were unhit, for the enemy's shell struck us nine times, and their fragments flew in every direction. Nor was it because of our distance from the enemy, for the Iowa approached within very short range of the Spanish ships. We can, therefore, only believe that in spite of our sins and unworthiness, the protecting arm of the Almighty was stretched forth to shield us from harm.

If this be not reason for gratitude, then I ask, my comrades, where can we find one? It is easy enough, in our carelessness and indifference, to forget these things—easy to magnify the power of earthly counsels; but the fact still remains as the statement of the Scripture and confirmed by the voice of history, that "in Him we live and move and have our being," and that "our help is in the name of the Lord who made heaven and earth." If we would be consistent Christians and worthy men—loyal to our God and true to the better instincts of our nature, we cannot fail to recognize these truths, and to act upon them. Gratitude to God is but the least of virtues—nay, it is no virtue at all. It is only the proper recognition of divine blessings, and is therefore merely the rendering of a simple act of justice to the Almighty. He who is lacking in gratitude is destitute of one of the most essential elements of true manhood, and has no claim whatever upon the favor of God.

GRATITUDE TO GOD.

Let not this, comrades, be our attitude towards Him who holds us in the hollow of His hands, but let us praise Him for His goodness and mercies through all our lives, and especially during the memorable Battle of Santiago. Let us seek His face and favor, and render Him a humble tribute of thanksgiving. To do this as a mere matter of form is nothing less than mockery. Only sincerity is acceptable to Him. "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise." The best evidence we can give Him of our gratitude is, first, by confessing our sins, and then by forsaking them. It is by doing the things that He desires and leaving undone those that He hates. It is by bringing ourselves, by His help, each day of our lives nearer the standard of true Christian manhood, or, in the words of Paul, "till we all come in the unity of faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

LOVE FOR ENEMIES.

There is one incident attending the historic events of last Sunday which I cannot forbear mentioning. I refer to the generous and magnanimous treatment which was extended by both the officers and crew of this ship to our Spanish prisoners from the hour they stepped upon our decks until they left us on the afternoon of the following day. A large portion of them, as you know, were rescued from drowning by the boats sent from this ship, and you are all well aware of the condition in which they reached us. Many of them were entirely naked, many others wore but a single garment, and but very few were completely dressed. Nor can any of us forget the ghastly manner in which a considerable number of them were

wounded. Their bloody stumps and shattered limbs presented a spectacle such as probably none of us, save our commanding officer, had ever witnessed. You lifted them up as gently as though they were your brothers instead of your enemies, and carried them to the sick-bay. There they received the most careful and skillful surgical attention at the hands of our doctors, and were watched over and waited upon as tenderly as though they were attached to our own ship. The men composing the Spanish crews were so completely clothed from our new Government stores that when they left us they were actually better clad than our own men. You gave them your pipes and tobacco, and performed for them so many other generous acts that their confidence of safety was restored, and they were convinced that their expectations of immediate execution were not to be realized. In like manner their commissioned officers were treated with the consideration which we would extend to our personal guests. Admiral Cervera and his flag-lieutenant (who was his son), as well as Captain Eulate of the Viscaya, were not only entertained by Captain Evans in his cabin, but they were even partially clad in his garments! We, too, of the ward-room did all in our power for the other officers, and treated them in every instance as though they were our intimate friends instead of our enemies and prisoners. We clothed those whose necessities required it in our own garments; we vacated our rooms in order that they might sleep in our beds, and we did everything else that we could to contribute to their personal comfort. Now we are simply talking among ourselves here this morning, and not to the outer world, and in the spirit of truth instead of boastfulness, and I think I am justified in stating that no prisoners in the annals of military or naval history were ever before treated

as we treated ours. You fought with magnificent deperation; you inflicted upon the enemy every possible injury that our engines of war could execute; but from the very moment that the Spanish ships hauled down their flags everything that human kindness and skill could devise for the saving of life, for the relief of suffering and for the personal comfort and welfare of our foes was done, and gladly and cheerfully done, by the officers and men of this ship. Their very helplessness appealed to you, and the events of the day proved that your magnanimity and generosity were only equalled by your courage and heroism.

And now permit me to say, in conclusion, that we have every reason to congratulate ourselves to-day that we are officers and men in the United States Navy. A pardonable pride seizes us as we read the words addressed to Admiral Sampson by the Chief Magistrate of our country. "You have," he says, "the gratitude and congratulations of the whole American people. Convey to the noble officers and crews through whose valor new honors have been added to the American Navy the grateful thanks and appreciation of the Nation." And the head of our Department at Washington, also addressing our Admiral, says: "The Secretary of the Navy sends you and every officer and man of your fleet, remembering equally your dead comrade, grateful acknowledgment of your heroism and skill. All honor to the brave! You have maintained the glory of the American Navy."

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

Now, if we deserve words like these, a great responsibility is placed upon us. If much has been given us, much will also be required. The victory at Santiago calls every officer and man of this ship to the better performance of every duty that may be placed upon us. It

also invites us to the exercise of a still higher patriotism and the continued devotion of ourselves to the service of our beloved country. Thanks to your valor, we stand to-day in the face of other lands as we never stood before. This war may possibly lead us to complications of which we now but little dream. But whatever may come to pass we may be sure that our voice among the nations will be respected as it never has been before. Our country, with the help of God, will never falter in defense of the right. In the ebb and flow of public sentiment, truth will eventually prevail, and it is our privilege, comrades, to stand as a rock of defense for our beloved land, and to dedicate ourselves anew to the service of our God and our country.

THE FAITH OF CAPTAIN PHILIP.

BY REV. HARRY W. JONES, CHAPLAIN ON
BATTLESHIP TEXAS, U. S. NAVY.

I wish to make confession that I have implicit faith in God and in the officers and crew of the Texas, but my faith in you is secondary only to my faith in God. We have seen what He has done for us in allowing us to achieve so great a victory, and I want to ask you all, or at least every man who has no scruples, to uncover his head with me and silently offer a word of thanks to God for His goodness toward us all."

This was what Captain J. W. Philip said to his officers and men immediately after the great battle off Santiago de Cuba, July 3.

It was a beautiful afternoon. God's heavens never looked so clear, and the Stars and Stripes never seemed so pure as they did when we lay alongside of the Cristobal Colon, after she had been beached and had surrendered to us.

We had been engaged in a fierce fight to the death, when these words came from the lips of the same man who had

a few moments before given the various orders for attack, and I wish to show to the people of my country what kind of a man Captain Philip, of the battleship Texas, is.

I have had the honor of being the chaplain of the Texas since October 19, 1896, so I have been with Captain Philip ever since he took command last October.

During our first conversation he said: "Chaplain, I am a firm believer in prayer, and I think it is a duty we owe God to have prayers on board ship every evening." So when Lieutenant Commander Harber came to us as executive officer the captain spoke to me again about having prayers, and I told him I should be very glad indeed to conduct them every evening at quarters, and that custom has been observed ever since.

The men would be marched aft, and I offered a humble petition for each one, our loved ones, our country, our President, and always closed with an earnest prayer for peace.

Captain Philip always spoke about the late war, and reminded us that the side that opened fire first on the Sabbath would lose every time; so I was very glad last Sabbath when I saw the Maria Teresa fire the first shot.

Often during the weary days on the blockade the captain would say something to me about prayer and his unflinching faith in God. One evening, soon after our second bombardment, we were walking up and down the quarter-deck together—and, by the way, it was after the Spanish had killed him, but I guess they found him a very much alive corpse on Sunday morning during the fight—he mentioned how his wife had felt about him, reading the account of his alleged death as she did in the papers, but he said: "I wrote to Mrs. Philips and said, 'I am just as safe here as I would be walking up Broadway with you, because God is with us, and

He is listening to our prayers.'"

On another occasion he was called on board the flagship, together with the commanding officers of the fleet, for a council of war, and went on board at half past nine that Sunday morning. The decision was reached to bombard the forts at two o'clock that afternoon, when Captain Philip spoke up and said:

"Admiral, this is Sunday. I do not think we should fight to-day. We may be sorry if we do." Whereupon the Admiral apologized for even calling them together at all that day, but admitted he had been so pressed that he had entirely lost track of the days, so the battle was deferred until the next morning, with the result of no damage to us.

As a captain he has been most kind to me, never absent from divine service unless detained on account of duty, as he was always anxious to set his men a good example, and the example had its effect, for my congregations were always very good. It was pleasing to have so many men, Protestants and Catholics, meet of their own free will and listen to the simple Gospel of Jesus I always tried to give them. I love Captain Philip for his manly stand for the Gospel of Jesus.

When, after the battle, the bugle sounded all hands on deck, I went up, not knowing what it was for. The captain did not know I was there, and when I heard what he said I was very glad he did not.

Mr. Harber came to me and said, "Chaplain, did you hear what the captain said?" I replied, "Yes sir." "A very manly thing indeed to do, and a most impressive sight," said he.

I went in the cabin after the captain had gone there. Holding out my hand to him I said: "Captain, I congratulate you, not alone for your tremendous victory, but for the stand you took after the action." His countenance bright-

ened up as he replied: "Why, chaplain, I was sure of it when I went on the bridge, for surely God has been with us, and it has been all on account of prayer."

This is a glimpse of one of the commanding officers of the United States Navy. You see what his faith is. Let me, one of the corps of naval chaplains, ask you just one question—"Have you faith to believe? Do things seem dark for you? Has sorrow filled your life? If so, go tell it to Jesus and all will be well," and the God who was with us in the battle of July 3d will be with you in your battles of life, if you have only faith to believe.

I trust this little sketch will help every one of the many readers of the *Herald* to have more faith in God. The faith of the little child is the faith I would recommend to all

I thank all of you (and I know there were many) who prayed for the Army and Navy, because by your prayers you strengthened us when we had to face the foe.

—
An officer of the Texas in describing the scene after the battle, said:

"Captain Philip called all hands to the quarterdeck, and, with bared head, thanked God for the almost bloodless victory. 'I want to make public acknowledgement here,' he said, 'that I believe in God the Father Almighty. I want all you officers and men to lift your hats, and from your hearts offer silent thanks to the Almighty.' All hats were off. There was a moment or two of absolute silence, and then the overwrought feelings of the ship's company relieved themselves in three hearty cheers for their beloved commander."

—
Captain Philip, whose picture we present to our readers this month, is a member of Winthrop Congregational Church, Charlestown, Mass., where he

worshipped regularly before he took command of the Texas. His address to his men after the destruction of the Spanish fleet at Santiago on July 3 will become a Christian classic—"I want to make public acknowledgement here that I believe in God the Father Almighty. I want all you officers and men to lift your hats, and from your hearts offer silent thanks to the Almighty."

With Christian men like Philip, Dewey, Sampson, Schley and many others in command of our battleships, and Christian soldiers like General Miles, the Commander in Chief of the Army, all Americans are confirmed in the belief that our great victory over Spain is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.

The Pope's Blessing.

CORTLAND, N. Y., July 18, 1898.

Dear Brother O'Connor:

What does the special official blessing of the Pope amount to? I have in mind three blessings that he has given.

When Maxamilian took it unto his head in 1866 to become Emperor of Mexico he deviated from his route and went up the Tiber to get a blessing that would make his enterprise a sure thing. Six months later he was shot in Mexico.

When in 1870 Napoleon III., then ruler in France, got the Pope's blessing to help him in his war against Germany, the French were beaten in every battle without exception, and William of Germany crowned his victory by riding through the streets of Paris.

The war with Spain finally came. Nothing was safe that had not on it the seal of the Pope, and his blessing was bestowed with emphatic unction upon the Spanish arms. We know the result in our glorious victories.

I wish it could somehow be brought about that Turkey could get the Pope's blessing.

Yours in Christ,

(Rev.) H. LYMAN.

READING THE BIBLE.

BY MRS. MARTHA C. M. FISHER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

HE above appeared as one of the head-lines descriptive of Graduation Day exercises of the Roman Catholic University of this city, and remarks of Cardinal Gibbons, in Wednesday evening's *Star*, June 9. The whole gist of the address of this eminent Prince of the Church of Rome to the graduating students is enough to make every Protestant American hold his breath in amazement and feel that the mighty old Roman craft which once controlled all the ships of state of Europe is now, under stress of weather, taking such a desparate tack in the very teeth of the wind that the onlookers wonderingly cry out, Will not her sails be rent to shivers, and will not the old craft founder before our very eyes?

Greatest wonders of all the wonders of this wonderful nineteenth century—a great Prince of the Church of Rome recommends publicly to the graduating youth of her foremost university in America the study of the Bible! Here are the reverend prelate's own words: "There is one book which I recommend to you first, and last, and at all times, and that book is the Holy Scriptures. The Word of God is justly styled by St. Ambrose the *Libra Sacerdotalis*, or priest's book by excellence." The fathers of the very early centuries he recommends as examples of sacred oratory, "who have seldom been equaled and never excelled. There is a strength and force and virility in their discourses which clearly reveals the heavenly food of the Word of God on which they fed." "It is a remarkable fact that our Saviour was never known to have read or quoted any book except the Sacred Scriptures; He makes no allusion to the classic literature of Greece and Rome which flourished in His day.

I would recommend the Holy Scriptures not only to you reverend gentlemen, but also to those of you who are destined for the practice of law, or of any civil calling." Then turning to a distinguished Protestant judge near him, appealed to him for agreement with his statement that "an argument from the Gospels will not fail to make a deep impression on a judge and jury in our country." "In order to make the perusal and study of the Holy Scriptures profitable to your soul you must never lose sight of the truth that the Sacred Volume is a message to us from our Father in heaven."

The eminent Cardinal then referred to illustrious English and American statesmen conspicuous for their familiarity with the Sacred Text—"Many of their writings abound with passages from the Word of God." A notable omission, however, occurred in the list of honorable Christian statesmen, that of Gladstone, and his grand work, "The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture."

Towards the close of the Cardinal's grand peroration in favor of an unchained open Bible he used the following striking words, as to its manner of use, which were probably intended to qualify much which he had previously said: "Protect yourselves against the assaults of the enemy with the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. In the words of Jerome, *Let sleep overtake you while holding the sacred volume, and let the inspired page sustain your drooping head*" (!!!)

To the whole intelligent Protestant world this apparent change of front must seem only an exaggerated somnambulistie feat on the part of the exalted Roman prelate. Does he think to destroy with a word the ever burning facts of an historical past concerning the thousands of Bible readers who perished miserably in flames and under

tortures indiscrivable by the verdict of the Church of Rome for the crime of daring to possess copies of the Word of God? Has the celebrated encyclical letter of "Infallible" Pope Pius VII. against Bible societies passed from the memory of man? Thus did that "Infallible" Pope address all Roman Catholic prelates and priests in Christendom: "The Bible societies endeavor to translate, or rather, corrupt the Holy Scriptures into the tongues of all nations, which gives us reason to fear that we may there find instead of the Gospel of Christ the gospel of the devil!"

What saith the Word of God? "In the law it is written, With men of other tongues will I speak unto this people." "Let all things be done unto edifying. If there be no interpreter keep silence in the church. What! came the Word of God out from you? or, came it unto you only?" Here is the inspired testimony of the great Apostle Paul: "I had rather speak five words with my understanding that by my voice I might teach others, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue. Brethren, be not children in understanding; howbeit in malice be ye children, but in understanding be men."

It would be scarce possible to suppose that an infallible pope did not read and understand the Bible; still it is certain that as he in the above quoted encyclical hesitated not to ban Bible societies; also, in 1825, the same infallible Pope renewed the reading of the bull, called the *bull in coena Domini*, from which the following extract must suffice: "We do, in behalf of Almighty God the Father, and the Holy Ghost, and with the authority of the blessed Apostle Peter and Paul, and with our own, excommunicate and anathematize all Hussites, Wickliffites, Lutherans, Calvinists, and all and sundry other heretics by whatsoever name they may be reckoned." His holiness seems to have

forgotten the Bible injunction against malice, although he was infallible (!) Pope Gregory XVI., also infallible, denounced the duty of understanding the Bible; and the late infallible Pope Pius IX., so liberal in politics, but rigid in Popery, has plainly condemned the circulation and understanding of the Bible, and issues his commands, not exhortations, to his subjects—the Romish priests and people of America!

Most probably Cardinal Gibbons would have us believe that Rome, like wine long kept, has improved itself in quality and flavor in every respect. Did we believe this he would laugh at our credulity. When Rome changes her infallibility is gone!

Will the learned Cardinal please tell us which Pope of all the long line of their holinesses ever allowed his people free and unrestricted study of the Holy Scriptures? Why should youth of the United States be privileged above the Roman Catholic youth of South America, Mexico, Italy, Portugal, and of the pet child of the Pope, Spain, in having the Bible, and its careful study, fairly urged upon them at this special time by a prelate so high in favor with the reigning Pope as Cardinal Gibbons?

Under all this expressed love of liberty of conscience and the light of God's Word, how can the sad fate which befel a beautiful and cultivated young lady of this, our National Capitol, during the opening spring of the present year, 1898, be accounted for?

The case here alluded to may be briefly stated. Miss C——, a lovely and accomplished young lady of 25, a Roman Catholic, as were all her family, and of high social standing, borrowed a New Testament of a young lady friend of the Protestant Episcopal Church in order that she might study the words of Christ for herself. In the course of time she ceased to visit the confessional; then absences from her church followed,

and her attendance at an Episcopal church commenced. Her mother informed the Romish priests of her daughter's strange conduct. They visited her, protested against her change of feeling, argued with her until they could cope no longer with her in arguments drawn from Holy Scripture. Still the Romish priests thronged the house. She could never be free of them. So terrible was her distress that she became ill; but nothing would induce her to go back to the practice of her old religion. Then she was declared insane and taken from her home to St. Elizabeth Insane Asylum. In her overwrought mental and physical condition brain fever set in, and she died at the asylum just as much a martyr in Romish chains as though faggot and flames had been added.

Has Cardinal Gibbons counted well the cost to the Church of Rome should his advice be taken and acted upon by all the Roman Catholic youth of America? *Tempus omnia revelat!*

Rome and Spain Always the Same

The Roman Catholic Church boasts of its antiquity and uniformity, and that it is always the same—*semper eadem*. So Spain boasted until recent events made her see that antiquity and uniformity lead to decay and death. Rome and Spain have been indissolubly linked together. When Spain falls the Church of Rome receives a blow from which it will never recover. It will continue to exist, but it will not be the same arrogant, persecuting Church it has been, just as Spain will not be the same proud nation it has been. Almighty God is against Rome and Spain, and His truth, justice and supreme rule will continue.

How Rome and Spain have been linked together was told by the celebrated Dr. Dollinger, the German ecclesiastical historian who withdrew from the Roman Church when papal infalli-

bility was declared a dogma. Writing in 1868 he says:

After having devoted oneself, as I have done for over fifty years, to the study of history, and after becoming thoroughly absorbed in the past, one must at last surely have learned something of an historical *Nemesis*, and of the connection between cause and effect. I have studied the history of Spain, and hence the events that have taken place there did not surprise me.

Well, of late years Rome has had much urgent business with Spain, and of what nature was it? First. The Pope [Pius IX.] as a token of his special favor, and in recognition of her services, sent the Golden Rose to Queen Isabella. Second. Only very recently at an open meeting of the Consistory he delivered an eulogy on the Inquisition, and declared it to be an excellent, beneficial and genuinely ecclesiastical institution. Third. He has canonized an inquisitor, and recommended all Spaniards to honor the man in future as a pattern of Christian virtues, and a worthy of imitation. . . . Yes, there is a *Nemesis*.

It I were now, after all, to give a public assurance of my devotedness and submission to the Roman See, which would, of course, be without condition and without limitations, should I not, in order to leave no room for any more doubt, have to give expression also to my most submissive adhesion to the eulogy on the Inquisition, and to the canonization of Don Pedro de Arbues? Should I not have to say: "Hitherto, it is true, in agreement with all who have made a study of Spanish history, I was of opinion that the Inquisition had brought an unspeakably large amount of harm to Spain; but since the publication of the allocution I at once gave up my opinion, and from this time forward I shall maintain against any and every man, *Roma locuta est* (Rome has spoken), the Inquisition is excellent, and Spain could not do better than re-introduce it?"

It would seem as if Dr. Dollinger were writing in 1898 instead of 1868. But Leo XIII. will not eulogize the Inquisition as his predecessor did. Rome and Spain have fallen never to rise again to their former greatness.

THE SOURCE OF TRUE LIBERALISM, OR THE WONDERS OF ELECTING LOVE IN THE COMPOSITION OF THE LAMB'S BRIDE.

BY REV. ALBERT B. KING, NEW YORK.

OF the love of Jesus Christ it is said in John xiii, 1, "Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end," or uttermost. His uttermost on earth was the uttermost of shame, loss, mental agony, physical pain and death. What other bride was ever enriched with so great a love? And with this love is allied boundless power to bless and protect. Matt. xxviii, 18, "Jesus came and spoke unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and on earth."

Great currents, rising sometimes into swelling tides of this Almighty Love, have been flowing towards His elect in all ages. In Exodus xxxiii, the Lord said unto Moses, "Thou hast found grace in my sight, and I know thee by name." Therefore the name of Moses reveals God's grace. What does the name signify? *Drawn out.* Moses was drawn out or elected to be saved from being drowned. Moses was drawn out from the nation to be its leader, was separated from others to be God's particular friend, and speak with Him face to face. So Caleb and Joshua were drawn out or elected to be separated from their unbelieving nation, enter Canaan and enjoy their inheritance there. So when Christ came, although His heart yearned for the salvation of all Israel, and He wept over the city which rebelled against His sovereignty, He was able to secure some true disciples who were drawn out or elected from the apostate nation. No one questions the fact that there are in predestination mysterious depths of both God's justice and mercy. Several considerations, however, enable us to say Thy sovereign will be done. (1) God is the Di-

vine Potter, and we are His creatures imaged in clay. (2) We are such sinners as only deserve banishment from His presence into hell. (3) The testimony of God's Word, which is, "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the sinner—but that he turn from his wickedness and live." "The Lord is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." (4) Every individual of our race receives from our Heavenly Father many proofs of His compassion. These have reached us through His "witness," in this, "that He does good, and gives us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness;" also by the common operations of God's Spirit (with more or less constraining power) upon all—even upon wicked reprobates, prolonging their evil lives upon God's earth. Sinners are blind to these proofs of God's love, yet the very afflictions which they misinterpret as evidence of His hatred, are the friendly blows of the whip falling upon the backs of those whose souls are freezing and whose drowsy hearts cry, Let us sleep, and we will run the risk of awakening in the torments of hell. "He is not willing that any should perish." (5) The Lord's elect will need eternity in which to thank and praise God for that mercy which drew them out of the ranks of the ungodly, and made them "partakers of the divine nature" and "eternal life." They now feebly see on earth, and will see clearly in heaven, that only a love which is omnipotent in its resources could overcome the difficulties in the way of their salvation.

"I will have mercy," is the first ut-

terance of this mighty love. The flesh may say, I also have a strong will bent on self-indulgence. Then will come the grace of our Lord Jesus, taking away the love of sin and breaking the chains of old habits.

The world may say, I also have a strong will delighting to tempt the saint who lives in constant contact with my allurements. Then will come the grace of the Holy Spirit removing worldliness by making the child of the earth heavenly minded.

Satan may say, I have a stronger will than the flesh and the world, and I will to accuse the saint of his sins before the throne of God the Judge, and I will to plot with cunning and ceaseless energy for his downfall and death. But the Lord, in the sublimity of His imperial will, and majesty of His eternal purpose, simply announces, "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy." Then comes to the saint the Lord himself, casting out the Tempter, and filling the tried heart with the peace and strength His holy presence bestows. Truly we can rejoice that the One who loves us most is, has been, and will ever be on the throne of the universe, and does what He righteously wills without asking permission of His creatures.

Now they who are thus drawn out of the ranks of the ungodly delight in the truth of God's Word, feeding with relish upon every syllable of it. This "whole faith in a whole Bible" is the mother of an orthodox creed. But church history discloses the fact that when the hearts of the orthodox grow cold towards their Father and Saviour, then either error is introduced into the creed, or the creed comes to express less and less the heart's faith and love, and in their place have come doctrines and ordinances unscriptural and always dangerous and crippling.

The Roman Catholics have done this by the wholesale, anathematizing Pro-

testants who refuse to believe their many incredible and monstrous doctrines. But so-called orthodox Protestants have erred in the same way, and by their very narrowness have not only "limited the holy one of Israel's" power to save others, but placed their own souls in peril. They jump to the conclusion that *all* the heathen ignorant of Christ must perish because it is true that none can be saved except *through* Christ. Let us look closely at this interesting subject. It is true that the great mass of those who live in heathen countries are given up to gross idolatry, abominable vices and crimes, selfish, cruel, disobedient to the natural light of God's Spirit, and growing worse and worse the longer they live upon the earth. Concerning such we have no hope. But there are other men who die in ignorance of the historical Christ, for whose salvation we cannot help cherishing a hope. For although their lives are imperfect like those who believe the Gospel and live in the United States, yet equally with such Christian believers they bewail their imperfections, aspire after righteousness of life, and in the surrounding darkness grope towards the faint light afforded by God's Spirit operating upon their religious faculties. Such might have been Socrates, Cicero, Plato, Seneca, Marcus Aurelius and others. Not that we for a moment believe that any man can be saved except through Christ. Still we all believe that billions of our race will be saved who have never heard the Gospel. We refer to infants dying in infancy. They have never received Christ by faith, but must be and are regenerated by the Spirit of Christ. All the benefits of Christ's work as a Saviour are applied to the ignorant infant through the Holy Spirit. Why can we not hope that the benefits of Christ's obedience unto death, and resurrection unto life, *may* be conferred upon certain ones among

the heathen, who by their morality, humility and aspiration are so superior to the other heathen as to make it difficult for us to explain this difference except we say they must be God's elect? Such may be translated from spiritual death to life, and at the resurrection for the first time to see their Saviour. In modern missionary operations several instances are recorded where the work of the Spirit of God has evidently preceded the advent of the missionary, causing a few of the heathen to say upon hearing the Gospel, We accept at once your doctrine as true, for before your coming we have been taught by the mercy of heaven the same or kindred truths.

Brainerd, missionary to our Indians, to his astonishment met in the wilds of America an Indian whose knowledge and experience of things spiritual harmonized with his own, and yet he had never been taught by any Christian. "I will have mercy upon whom I will have mercy." Truly nothing is so compassionate, and nothing makes so evident God's omnipotent grace making possible the impossible as Election.

Let us repeat the question addressed by the angel to the skeptical Sarah—"Is anything too hard for the Lord?"

Oh, the sweet, yet righteous, arbitrariness of God's mercy! Jesus Christ the just died for the unjust, and in His disembodied Spirit "went and preached unto the spirits in prison," and after His resurrection and ascension cries, "Behold, I am alive forevermore, Amen; and have the keys of hades and of death," and further (Rev. iii) describes himself as the One that "openeth, and no man shutteth; and shutteth and no man openeth."

Our Saviour said to Hebrew Christians nineteen hundred years ago: "And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and they

shall become one flock, and one shepherd." It may be that our Saviour is now saying to those among orthodox evangelical Protestants who deem certain errorists to be beyond the domain of salvation, "I will have mercy upon those upon whom I will have mercy." God is a constitutional monarch, but the constitution controlling Him is that of His own nature, not human statutes. As such He may say, I will to have from among these errorists elect members of My flock and Bride, chosen not because I do not perceive that ordinarily among those taught of the Spirit there is a close, logical connection between the orthodoxy of a creed and the orthodoxy of the heart; chosen, not because I do not hate the errors enfolded in a false intellectual creed; chosen, not because I do not ardently love the truth that evangelicals confess, but chosen because I wish My people to know and eternally remember that when there are before Me the one class who are orthodox yet "holding the truth in unrighteousness of life," and the other class heterodox, yet through the grace of My Spirit, grasping with their hearts and living in their lives the truth as it is in Me, then I choose the second class, and reject the first.

When the ark of God, which in this case is true orthodoxy, passes out of the camp of the Israelites into that of the Philistines and is held prisoner by the avowed enemies of the Lord, His nominal people are horrified, and backsliding Elis are slain with grief. But the ark is abundantly able to take care of itself and destroys the great idol of the Lord's enemy. Bye and bye the ark, laden with reverential Philistine offerings, returns to Israel, its natural and ordinary resting place. This is the allegory. Behold its interpretation.

In Great Britain and the United States the Church, enervated by its Laodicean wealth and external pros-

perity, has only sought in a feeble, half-hearted way to rescue the submerged masses of Christendom. In prophecy the Lord is said by means of "a foolish nation to provoke to jealousy" His people Israel. So if we are cursed with an orthodoxy which, zealous as it is for creed and form, leaves us spiritually blind, deaf and inert, then the Lord will put spurs to His sleepy Church through the work of the "foolish" Salvation Army. Their noisy drums and cymbals, their bright uniforms are trifles, but their excessive indulgence in the emotional, so easily degenerating in a backsliding state into cant and hypocrisy; their neglect of the sacraments, God's appointed means of grace, their military discipline so easily made tyrannical, interfering with the individual conscience; the failure to expound the Scriptures, are all dangerous follies on account of which many might refuse to join their ranks. And yet they have done a blessed work among the lapsed masses, and the ark of the Lord ever finds an abode among those whose hearts are orthodox with faith, love and Christian living.

Again, there are those among evangelical Protestants (and we hope their number is but limited) who abuse the doctrine of justification by faith by adopting a practical Antinomianism. Such are horrified at the bad, nay dangerous, foolish theology of those who place no emphasis, or but little, upon the doctrine of justification through faith in Christ's merits, yet magnify the blessed truth of a free and efficient sanctification through the grace of God's Spirit, received through faith in Christ's merits, and zealously imitate His life on earth. Here again God seems to be provoking by a foolish nation, having mercy upon whom He will have mercy.

The great majority of so-called "Liberal Christians" seem to us exceedingly illiberal and narrow in rejecting the

substitutionary sacrifice of Christ, and are, through self-righteousness, in danger of perdition. For if their zeal to attain unto perfection was equal to Luther's before conversion, then they would despair of being able to satisfy the law, and soon begin to cry aloud for a Saviour. Nevertheless, among those whose theology we detest we have seen a few who deem Christ vastly more than a man, and who in their humble efforts to imitate their Saviour seem to be taught and strengthened by the Spirit of God. We fear that at the judgment seat of Christ it will be found that Antinomian branches have been broken from the olive tree of the covenant, and that despised branches of the "wild olive" have been, "contrary to nature," grafted upon Christ, according to that most liberal, most generous, most emancipating, most prison-opening truth, God's sovereign electing love.

When and where, we with little love and patience quite exhausted, would seize the offender, thrust him into prison and fetters, and apply the endless fire and undying worm, God may simply say, "I will have mercy." And when men ignorant of both the depths of their own iniquity and God's mercy expostulate in saying, "Lord, this man is a great sinner, and should abide in hell," God replies, "Silence, this is My affair, not yours, for I am determined to fill eternity with shouts of grateful, triumphant joy coming from great sinners saved by great grace and My righteous choice."

Does any reader ask. Can you suppose that God has any elect children among the adherents of such a society as the Christian Scientists? We have as great an abhorrence as any other evangelical for the jargon with which the founder of this society perverts the language of the Bible. We see how the denial of the existence of sin might lead to the obliteration of the distinc-

tion between virtue and vice, and with horrible results when the old timed line of separation between righteousness and sin, tightly drawn and stretching from Mount Sinai to Mount Calvary, is ruptured and thrown away. We see how the apparent denial of the Atonement, as we hold it, seems like blotting out the sun when pilgrims are stumbling among the mountains and crossing chasms on narrow bridges, or like cutting the rope by which we are being drawn up from the abyss. We see this and more, for we have studied Mrs. Eddy's writings. Had you asked us whether God has any *children* in this strange sect, the most of whose principles we abhor (if we understand at all Mrs. Eddy's confused teachings) if we made any answer, it might have been, how is it possible. But you said *elect children*.

Ah, that is quite another thing. As John Wesley said to the young preacher seeking advice as to marriage, so we say—"Grace can live where neither you nor I can." We speak of the grace of election, the most stupendous fact in the universe of God's love. Therefore, let us reconsider this subject of Christian Science. Listen.

We have repeatedly seen that much as God loves sound doctrine there is one thing He hates more than false teaching, and that is treacherous discordancy between good doctrine and a bad life. Again, we have seen that although ordinarily a bad life logically follows from a defective creed, yet sometimes, and apparently to administer a stinging rebuke to the backsliding orthodox (whose lips are right and hearts wrong), God brings into existence a sect, who in their teachings antagonize old beliefs largely, yet teach and exemplify some one important truth the orthodox despise and neglect. The Jews were zealous for the Law, yet broke that Law by the rejection and murder of Jesus Christ,

who personified that Law. When they boasted of being the children of Abraham, John the Baptist told them that God was able to raise up children from stones, adding that the axe is laid at the root of every tree bringing forth evil fruit.

In modern times the orthodox church encased in formality and worldliness was shocked and maddened by seeing the Quakers (under the guidance of the Spirit) neglect the sacraments commanded by the Lord; and yet those whom they persecuted had, as it were, like Stephen, the faces of angels. These Quakers two hundred years ago were God's witnesses to the *interior, spiritual life*, and were a rebuke and just condemnation of a church asleep and resting upon *externals*.

Now stripping off from Christian Science the patch work crazy clothing which possibly disguises her and makes her so repulsive to the orthodox, do we find something more attractive to be the naked reality? Mrs. Eddy, the founder, was once a Homeopathic physician, and because she discovered (or thought she did) that the less medicine she gave the better the results, finally reached certain conclusions. (a) All disease, and all other forms of evil, such as sin, Satan and hell are not only negatives, but nonentities, the baseless imaginings of "mortal mind." (b) God or Good is the only reality, the universal mind; and Christ is God. (c) She professes great reverence for the Holy Scriptures, and insists in translating the English version into her jargon language, and thus with the aid of this cruel pinchers twisting texts from their grammatical and literal sense into absurd and sometimes dangerous teachings, as it seems to us. She says on page 159 of "Miscellaneous Writings" God has given to this age "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures to elucidate His Word." (d) Who can comprehend her

utterances concerning our Saviour? She says on page 162: "The corporeal Jesus bore our infirmities, and through His stripes we are healed. There was no incorporeal Jesus of Nazareth. The spiritual man of Christ was after the similitude of the Father, without corporeality or finite mind." Again she says on page 84, speaking of our Saviour, "Had wisdom characterized all His sayings He would not have prophesied His own death, and thereby hastened it or caused it." Is it not a shocking self-conceit and wicked folly for Mrs. Eddy to intimate that Jesus was foolish and self destructive?

On page 179 we have in connection with Easter services the following: "A dear old lady asked me, 'How is it that you are restored to us? Has Christ come again on earth?' Christ never left, I replied; Christ is Truth, and Truth is always here—the impersonal Saviour." (e) In some way incomprehensible to the orthodox God, or Good, or Universal Mind, which is the same as Christ, who is God or Good, cures disease by persuading us that it has no positive existence, and that only is real which is eternal and eternally good and healthy and perfect. Evil (disease) may be real to mortal mind, but mortal mind itself is not spiritually real, and shall be felt to be unreal with the increase of scientific knowledge. We could quote much from Mrs. Eddy that would shock and irritate the orthodox evangelical, and which we deem *dangerously heretical, and even nonsensical*, but, oh brethren, let us be careful how we adjudge them to be utterly unchristian who follow not our forms in casting out devils, and who say they cast them out by denying their existence. The crucial question is this, Do such actually cast out devils and heal sickness to the glory of God as Father and in some way to the honor of Christ as Saviour? Carefully read and study Mark ix, 38-50.

If we were sure that Christian Science is able to heal disease of such a desperate character, that the imagination and natural forces of recuperation cannot explain the healing, then we would say, perhaps God, as in the case of Quakers, is now doing His strange work of scourging the backs of the orthodox who deny the nineteenth century healing of disease through the power of Christ by permitting (to the shame of the orthodox) the "foolish nation" of Christian Scientists to accomplish wonders of healing in the name and to the glory of God in Christ.

We have referred to Christian Science as a possible illustration of the wonders of electing love, and of the fact that the good pleasure of God is equally the root and broad expanse of all that is truly liberal and merciful.

The Roman Catholic Church illustrates the same blessed truth. No one should question the repugnance with which we regard in general her doctrines, worship, government, morals and history. And yet in the bosom of this corrupt Church have always existed a few saints at least who are saints indeed, saints according to the New Testament pattern. Such, however, as a rule, while enrolled as adherents of the Papacy, have protested against errors in doctrine and practice, and in turn have been treated by the Pope and those having influence at the Vatican with a scant measure of respect and love. Since the Reformation we find, among others, Jansenius, the Arnaulds, Pascal, De Sacci, Dr. Geddes, Mad. Guyon, Fenelon, all the Port Royalists, and quite a number in the Gallican Church.

Scarcely any devotional book, aside from the Bible and the "Imitation of Christ," is more frequently and profitably read than "The Practice of the Presence of God the best Rule of a Holy Life." Yet the man whose conversations and letters are therein given was

a lay member of the Roman Catholic Order of the barefooted Carmelites, and lived in the seventeenth century. Still it is to be said that this man, Nicholas Loraine (Brother Lawrence), rebukes the will worship, formality, abuse of religious ceremonies, which he saw around him.

Dr. Chamberlain, Protestant missionary laboring in India, mentions in a book recently published that he met in that country several Roman Catholic missionaries with whom he had pleasant intercourse, and for whom he entertained a high regard and much affection. They on their part seemed to forget he was a "heretic," and he could only see in them the lovely spirit and self-denying zeal which marked them as children of God, and humble, zealous followers of Jesus Christ.

If such things can be said of a small minority in the Roman Catholic Church, is that any reason why we withdraw any charges made against this apostate Church? Why the Lord himself recognizes in that Church the existence of chosen members of His elect Bride, and therefore with the greater emphasis cries, "Come out of her, My people, that ye be not partakers of her sins." Now if we can find members of Christ's Bride in the Purple and Scarlet Woman, surely we may find them in the circle of her relatives, yet this is no reason why we should unite ourselves with churches dangerously faulty in creed, worship and government. On the contrary, it is evidently our reasonable and safe course to unite with those branches of the Church where is preached and exemplified in greatest purity and power the "grace of God which bringeth salvation."

Yet, on the other hand, we earnestly desire that our purpose in writing this chapter may not be defeated. That purpose should be plainly discerned. It is to exhibit the fact that in the creation

of His Bride the Divine Bridegroom for His own good pleasure exerts His omnipotence in redeeming great and desperate sinners, and the most unlikely to be made saints to the eye of sense. Also that whilst false creeds and false church organizations are to be condemned, and cast upon the ecclesiastical rubbish heap, yet upon this same heap of refuse, and planted by sovereign power, beautiful fruit-bearing plants of grace are sometimes found growing, to our astonishment.

May God prevent that we who are evangelical children of the Covenant should ever merit the crushing words of Jesus first spoken to the Jews—"I say unto you, That many shall come from the East and West, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven. But the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

A GREAT BOOK FREE.

St. Patrick and Irish History.

Our readers who have not yet ordered copies of this valuable book should do so without further delay. The work cannot be published again—no publisher could place it on the market in its present fine form for less than \$4—and we are pleased to present it to our readers for two new subscribers, or \$1.50 cash.

FATHER WATRY'S PAMPHLET.

We hope our readers will send 10 cents to Rev. Francis Watry, Alturas, California, for his admirable pamphlet, "From the Roman Catholic Altar to the Protestant Pulpit." The extracts from it that we have published in this magazine should whet the appetite of our readers for a perusal of the book itself. They will read every word of it and thank us for directing their attention to it.

BOUND VOLUME FOR 1897

The Bound Volume of THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC for last year (1897) is now ready. Price \$1.50 in cloth cover; \$1.25 in paper covers.

STRONG AS DEATH.—A STORY OF THE HUGUENOTS.

BY ELIZABETH ARROTT WELLS.

CHAPTER III.

The Master hath said it! Rejoicing in this
We ask not for sign or for token;
His word is enough for our confident bliss,
The Scripture cannot be broken.

—F. R. H.

AS the vesper bells of Nismes sent forth their summons to the faithful, Adrien was hastening through the narrow streets towards the headquarters of Col. Lamont, commander of the troops then stationed in the city. Soon the precious packet was delivered, and Adrien received the commendation which he so ardently desired.

"You have proved yourself a worthy servant of His Majesty," said the Colonel, as Adrien was about to retire. "But stop, your name?"

"I am called Adrien de Beaumont," replied the young soldier modestly.

"A son of my old comrade!" and the officer eagerly extended his hand.

Adrien drew back sadly, "I can scarce claim so great an honor. I am but the adopted child of the House of Beaumont, and—"

"Yes, yes, I remember. A daughter was his only child, and you—" the Colonel stopped, and then, quickly resuming his official air, he added, "your furlough begins, I perceive, with the safe delivery of this packet. You are therefore free to depart at once from Nismes."

But a strange look of resentment overspread his countenance as he watched the retiring form, which boded no good to Adrien.

It would be impossible to leave Nismes till the next day, so a lodging place having been secured, Adrien retired to rest.

As the hours advanced a strange commotion was heard in the street which finally aroused the sleeper, and

drew him to the window. Gazing intently down, a troop of soldiers was to be seen, followed by a number of curious citizens from whom a low angry murmur arose as the martial band paused before a doorway and their leader demanded admittance.

Were these the first fruits of his mission? and Adrien hastily prepared to join the angry group of watchers, taking the precaution to cover his military dress with a long dark cloak which he found in his apartment. As he reached the street the soldiers reappeared, bearing a small package, which was tossed into a sack, and the band hurried on.

"Come, Monsieur, and you will learn the brave deed which has called these heroes forth at midnight," whispered a voice to Adrien, and glancing around he recognized the friendly trooper, who was now in citizen's dress.

"'Brave deeds,' Monsieur? Surely my heart belies me if these be such!" But anxious to know the truth, Adrien suffered his new friend to link his arm in his own and hurry him along. Suddenly a bright light illumined the air, and upon turning a corner they came to a square where a huge fire was burning. With a shudder Adrien drew back and looked at his companion inquiringly.

"No, Monsieur, it is not that," he answered gravely. "No fellow-mortal is to suffer. This is the first step, the other may soon follow."

A great collection of books and pamphlets of all sizes lay near at hand; and ever and anon a tall man in priestly garb seized a few copies to fling into the blazing pile, uttering, meanwhile, fierce anathemas upon all who owned or read them.

"It has oft been tried before, Monsieur; yet it is but wasted energy.

"Though all the fires of earth and hell seek to destroy that Book, it will stand forever!"

The deep heartfelt words caused Adrien to turn and look with astonishment at the speaker.

"What can this Book contain, Monsieur, to rouse such bitter wrath?"

"Judge for yourself, my friend. It is a loving message from a merciful King to his His rebellious subjects. An overture of peace to those who now assail it. A blessed light which would point them to the only way leading in to His presence. An offer to make them joint-heirs with His own beloved Son in His glorious kingdom!"

"Why, then, this rage? Are these rebellious ones the enemies of France?" But Adrien's questions were left unanswered, for his companion had noticed that their conversation, low and guarded though it had been, had evidently attracted the attention of the priest who had been reviewing the midnight performance with great satisfaction.

"Let us move nearer the crowd, Monsieur; then we must separate, for we are watched." As they did so he whispered hastily, "We will meet again; farewell," and was soon lost from sight.

Hitherto Adrien had regarded the Church as the chief factor in forming the pure and beautiful character of Lady Isabel, his ideal of earthly perfection, but with surprise and chagrin he had found that, beyond the walls of Beaumont Castle, dishonorable action and cruel deeds marked the lives of many whom the Church numbered among her most devoted sons. So, although the stranger's words were quite unintelligible to him, and he readily perceived that they were hostile to the Church, yet it did not arouse his resentment as it once would have done.

The only words which left an unpleasant impression were those assuring him of being watched.

As Adrien was about to re-enter his lodging the priest softly touched his arm, and, turning quickly, he found himself face to face with Father Jerome.

"Why, Father, what misfortune has befallen Beaumont that you are here?" he cried in amazement, for unaware of the change of confessors, he felt that only some great and perhaps dire event could have drawn him to Nismes.

"I could no longer retain so sweet a retreat, my son, after discovering that the good Father Augustine sighed daily for his old home at Beaumont; and his great age unfitting him for active service, I easily obtained the consent of his superior. But this is of no importance, my son, in comparison with the question I am about to ask you. Who was your companion, and what was the import of his speech?"

"A stranger, Father. His name is quite unknown to me."

"But his words?"

"We spoke concerning the scene before us. What then?" and Adrien felt a growing impatience towards his questioner; quite a different feeling to any he had ever before indulged in, and Father Jerome was quick to note it.

"Spake he in terms of anger or of approbation?" and there was a slight accent of severity in his voice.

"His words, as far as I remember them, Father," returned Adrien carelessly, yet anxious to silence his interlocutor, "were such as any of his majesty's most royal subjects might have spoken. Aught else I should not have brooked for a single instant!"

Evidently the young soldier's wrath was rapidly rising.

"Ah, if this be so, it is well indeed. Give my best good wishes to my daughter, the Lady Isabel, and say that though absent from Beaumont, it is ever present in my thoughts and remembered in my prayers;" and with a hasty benediction Father Jerome disap-

peared in the darkness. With an expressive shrug he was muttering to himself: "So this is to be the end of all my pious instructions! Well, the boy must have something upon which to expend his ardor. If not the Church, by all means let it be his most gracious majesty." for Adrien's ill-concealed dislike had clearly revealed how much his army life had robbed him of the reverence due his spiritual guardian. Still, Father Jerome was not discouraged. From his first contact with the children his chief aim had been to inculcate such a hatred towards heresy as to effectually shield them from all its baneful influences.

And the priest saw no cause for serious alarm in Adrien's apparent defection. Loyalty to the king would doubtless prove an equally sure safe-guard against the heretical teachers who were supposed to be Louis' most deadly foes.

This interview with his former confessor left Adrien in a decidedly uncomfortable frame of mind.

"And so forsooth, I am to be watched and tracked to my very door like a vagabond heretic! I, a loyal soldier of his most gracious majesty!" Adrien exclaimed aloud as he once more settled himself for the night, and then resolving that he would make an early morning start he fell asleep.

And all through that midnight work, the small package once belonging to the aged shepherd, lay safely tucked in his doublet. Its mission had not yet been fully accomplished.

CHAPTER IV.

Reality in greatest need,
 Lord Jesus Christ, Thou art indeed;
 Is the pilot real who alone can guide
 The drifting ship through the midnight tide?
 Is the life boat real as it nears the wreck,
 And the saved ones leap from the parting deck?
 Reality indeed art thou,
 My Pilot, Life boat, Haven now!

—F. R. H

As morning dawned Adrien bade farewell to Nismes and started for the plains.

Homeward bound, Victor carried his rider so quickly forward that it was yet early when they neared the little grove where yesterday so memorable a scene had been enacted.

Suddenly Adrien reigned in his horse and listened. What sounds were those which the gentle breezes were wafting o'er him? Could it be the stranger's requiem? An uncontrollable desire to fathom the mystery spurred him onward, and in a few moments the spot was reached. Long ere he arrived, however, his approach had been heralded, and the group of Huguenots gathered about the newly made grave stood in silent expectation. Escape was impossible, for the wide open plain offered no refuge, and well had they realized it when coming to pay this last loving tribute to their old pastor's memory.

"Love is strong as death," and calmly they awaited the horseman's arrival.

As Adrien pushed aside the branches and looked within, he at once recognized his escort of the previous evening, and then, comprehending the truth, he reverently removed his cap and motioned them to continue.

"It is he," was all Adrien heard, as his unknown friend whispered hurriedly to his companions.

"It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes," was the more audible response, and Adrien was invited to assist them in lowering the venerable form to its last resting place.

Then followed such a prayer as Adrien had never heard; the out-pouring of devoted hearts unto One who had loved them even unto death; thanksgiving, too, for one who had fought a good fight and had kept the faith and was even then rejoicing in the "Well done" of the King of kings.

Gradually to Adrien's excited imagi-

nation the humble shepherd passed from the role of a helpless victim of the Church's wrath (as he now supposed him) to that of a triumphant warrior whom his King delighted to honor.

With increasing wonder Adrien listened to the fervent petitions for the earthly monarch to whom these people ever turned in loyal love, but who shared not their precious faith. Ah, Father Jerome, your pupil can never again believe in the disloyalty of Louis' Huguenot subjects. Your fancied security has received a fatal blow!

Finally, with a prayer for Adrien himself, almost agonizing in its intensity, the voice ceased.

Starting forward Adrien asked, "His name?"

"I cannot tell you now, my friend; for so may we not regard you?" and all waited for his reply with strange eagerness.

"For his sake, yes," he replied impetuously; "but why this mystery?"

"A solemn promise—the safety of precious lives! Is not this enough?"

"If my ignorance be a safeguard to any, it is indeed well," returned Adrien with quiet dignity; "but tell me at least your name, for I feel sure that we shall meet again."

"To you I must be known as 'Jean the Watchman.' Farewell, we shall meet again!"

Turning away, the speaker said hurriedly, "Friends, let us quickly disperse. Delay is dangerous;" and directing each to follow at short intervals and by different paths, Jean started alone towards Nismes.

A fallen tree was dragged across the newly made grave so as to completely conceal it, and then Adrien spoke.

"Be assured, my friends, your secret is perfectly safe with me. I honor courage and fidelity; and I fully believe your loyalty equals my very own. Farewell!"

"It does! It does!" they fervently ejaculated, and with a warm grasp of each outstretched hand Adrien hastened on his way.

Having conceived a great liking for his faithful horse he resolved that they should not be parted; so upon reaching the Gray Inn he forgot his former unpleasant experience in his present great desire to secure Victor. To Adrien's surprise a few words sufficed to finish the business, and he rode on his way rejoicing. Yesterday his request would have met with a far different result; to-day there was but little that Jacques Moran would have refused the young soldier.

The recent scenes, however, had made too deep an impression upon Adrien to be soon forgotten, and many miles were passed over before his mind recovered its usual buoyancy.

A few more hours and he entered the narrow valley of Beaumont; and as his keen eyes caught a distance view of his castle home, standing out so sharply against the blue sky, he forgot all else and spurred eagerly onward.

Suddenly a strange sound fell on his ear—that of a fresh young voice chanting some familiar air. As Adrien reined in his horse and listened, the sound ceased, but only to be repeated by another more distant singer, and then still farther away the words were re-echoed more faintly still. At the same instant a young peasant came running lightly down the rugged path.

"Welcome! Ten thousands welcomes, Monsieur Adrien!" he cried, swinging high his cap. "See! I vowed no other voice should first welcome you to Beaumont!"

"And I could not have received a truer welcome, or one more to my liking, Gaspard, old fellow," replied Adrien, leaping from his horse to receive the affectionate embrace from this, his most devoted friend from boyhood.

"But what of these mysterious songsters? Has a band of fairies broken loose to welcome me?"

"Yes, if Mademoiselle Marie can be reckoned their queen. All day we have been posted along the valley at her direction, that your first appearance might thus be quickly heralded to the castle. Doubtless," Gaspard continued laughingly, "they are now gathering at the portal. So haste, Monsieur, haste!"

"Au revoir," and again Adrien pressed impatiently onward. His progress over the mountain road was necessarily slow, but it gave him ample time to receive the warm greetings of many old friends of his childhood, whose cottages lay scattered along his route. As the last steep slope was reached Adrien could discern the little group awaiting his arrival; but where was the Lady Isabel? For a moment he checked Victor in consternation; in another he was urging him on, regardless of the difficulties of the way.

For there, leaning on Marie's arm, was Lady Isabel herself, yet not herself! Apparently, for this day at least, her mourning garb had been laid aside; and now, in a rich crimson robe, her usually pale countenance flushed with joyful expectancy as she awaited his coming.

"Oh, my Adrien, how our hearts have ached for you!" she exclaimed as he sprang to meet her. "And you are never more to leave us!" chimed in Marie, as she found herself clasped in her brother's arms.

"And this is Father Augustine," said Adrien pleasantly, turning to an aged priest at Lady Isabel's side, who was evidently noting her pleasure with keen satisfaction, and the welcome he now extended was full of a kindly interest which Adrien was quick to observe. But as Marie exclaimed, "Pray tell us, my dear brother, how you guessed that?" he smiled rather grimly, replying, "A friend at Nismes announced

that Fat'er Jerome no longer reigned at Beaumont, and I—"

"Yes, yes, my love, we all miss our faithful friend of many years," interrupted Lady Isabel, "but our dear Father Augustine has more than comforted us by his presence," and she looked appealingly around her, without noticing the flash of amused intelligence which passed between Father Augustine and Adrien as she thus unconsciously revealed her preference.

"Certainly, certainly, my daughter," the former hastened to say; "but are there no other attractions awaiting our traveler?"

With a fatherly smile over the group he and Marie led the way to the great hall, where a bountiful repast had been prepared, and, after giving a hearty greeting to each of the old retainers, Adrien followed with Lady Isabel, his strong young arm seeming to inspire her with fresh courage for the future—a future which often looked so long and dreary, though no one guessed it.

Ample justice having been done to the entertainment, Adrien took his old place by Aimee's side and announced his readiness to answer all questions that they could muster.

Thereupon such a volley poured forth that Adrien raised a laughing protest, declaring he could not meet the onslaught single handed. Nevertheless, the answers were returned with evident pride and pleasure, and were thoroughly enjoyed by his hearers.

When evening arrived the waxen candles were lighted, and as their shadows played over the little group Father Augustine, from his great arm-chair, watched the sweet home-like picture with sincerest pleasure.

The Lady Isabel, her countenance full of delight, and eager to catch each word as it fell from Adrien's lips, seemed to rival in youthful beauty Marie herself, the bright young maiden whose

eyes never left her brother's face as she nestled close to his side; and as he gazed the good old Father's memory was carried back many a year to the time when in that very spot he had watched the Baron and his wife bending over the little daughter whose future was to be, as they fondly believed, so brilliant and happy.

As the clock struck nine Lady Isabel arose.

"Our dear old Therese always expects me at this hour, Adrien, and I fear she will not be long with us, so I cannot disappoint her even this evening. You must need repose yourself, my dear child, so do not tarry long. Adieu! and we will meet at matins." There was a slight tone of anxiety in her voice as she finished, but at Adrien's hearty assent she appeared satisfied and quietly withdrew.

Long after all had separated for the night Father Augustine remained in his chair in deep meditation. No one else had noticed how studiously Adrien had avoided all references to his journey to and from Nismes, or his stay in that city; but the priest had lived too long, and observed men too closely, to overlook this omission, and finally, as he slowly wended his way to his little tower-chamber, he paused on the stairs, exclaiming, "Could the boy have discovered?" But no; the remembrance of Adrien's face, so unclouded and truthful, completely re-assured him.

So intently was he thinking, however, that when his foot struck against something near the young man's door he stooped and, picking it up mechanically, carried it to his own chamber and laid it beside his breviary without examining it. Many, many years before a precious seed had been dropped which this little package was destined to call into life, as it brought back to Father Augustine's memory the long-forgotten sower.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bismarck's Confession of Faith.

In the death of Prince Bismarck on July 30 Germany has lost its greatest son, and the whole world a great man. He was the most forceful opponent of the Roman Church in Germany since the days of Luthur. His service to the cause of Protestantism throughout the world has been of inestimable value. When waring against the papal pretensions to supremacy and infallibility in 1871 he made the following confession of his faith and trust in God:

If I were not a Christian I would not serve the State another hour. Why should I worry and kill myself with this incessant toil, anxiety and drudgery if it were not that I have the feeling that in God's name I must do my duty? I don't know where I should get my sense of duty if it were not from God. Orders and titles have no attractions for me; it is the definite belief in a life after death that makes me a loyalist, who am by nature a Republican. Take away this faith from me and you take away my fatherland. If I were not a thorough-going Christian believer you would never have seen me Chancellor. How willingly would I clear out of it all! My real pleasure is in a country life, in the woods and open air. Were it not for my relation to God I would pack up tomorrow and be off to grow oats at Varzin!

Mr. Gladstone on Romanism.

Mr. Gladstone, like Prince Bismarck, was one of the great forces of this century that successfully opposed Romanism. "Ultramontaniam," he said, "is hostile to mental freedom at large, incompatible with the thought and movement of modern civilization, makes undue pretensions as regards the State, and against conjugal and parental rights; is jealous of the free circulation of the Holy Scriptures; tends to sap the love of veracity in the individual mind; alienates the educated mind in all the countries where it is professed, and saps the morality and strength of the States where it is paramount."

Converted Catholics



THEY ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO

ARE NOT IN THE HANDS OF THE

ENEMY AND WHO ARE NOT

IN THE HANDS OF THE

ENEMY AND WHO ARE NOT

IN THE HANDS OF THE

ENEMY AND WHO ARE NOT

IN THE HANDS OF THE

ENEMY AND WHO ARE NOT

IN THE HANDS OF THE

ENEMY AND WHO ARE NOT